Brooklyn, Nov. 27, 1835.

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My dear George:

I have returned the gift of my kind friend Carpenter, with a note of thanks. The Vest is lacking in length and breadth, and, of course, does not fit me. I hope he will not give himself any trouble about another, although it is just such a present as would be useful to me this winter.

A letter from friend Burleigh, at the Anti-Slavery Rooms, informs me that letters had just been received from Henry and Thompson. Both arrived safely, and had good passages. Henry was only 36 hours in going from Boston to Eastport. Thompson had a pretty rough time, and if they had been an hour later, he thinks the vessel would have been exposed to imminent danger from a severe gale that suddenly sprung up. Mrs. T. was to sail from New-York for Liverpool in the packet of the 24th inst. We may now be looking daily for the return of brother Henry, with a budget of intelligence from our banished friend. What a mighty void is created by the return of G. T.! It is like the loss of a general to an army, whose presence gave inspiration and courage to the humblest soldier. — Who now shall go forth to argue our cause in public, with subtle sophists and insolent scoffers? It is true, we have the lion-hearted, invincible Weld at the West, and our strong and indefatigable brother Stanton in Rhode-Island; but the withdrawal of Thompson seems like the loss of many agents. It is more than probable that "we ne'er shall look upon his like again." Especially will his loss be felt, as we have so few in our ranks who are qualified to rouse, enlighten and electrify an audience. I cannot help cherishing the hope, that a change in public sentiment will render his return to this country desirable next fall.

Yesterday throughout this State, (perhaps in all Rhode Island, I know not,) by proclamation of the Governor, there was an immense slaughter among the turkeys, geese and chickens, who were destroyed by the jaw-bones of the people without the slightest remorse — nay, with evident satisfaction. It fell to my lot to carve not less than three chickens, "all in a row," which had been systematically roasted at a slow fire — a fourth one I spared from dissection until to-day. Sad havoc, too, was made among innocent pies, (potato, mince, apple, and all their relations,) and unoffending puddings. Although you are of a tender disposition, we regretted that you could not make one among our little family circle, and take part in the destructive exercises of the day. Almost every body got punished, more or less, for slaying and eating so pitilessly; for the conglomerated fragments of fowls and puddings and pies, which were ravenously swallowed, soon united in getting up an insurrection in the stomach, and peace was not restored until good digestion waited on appetite. By the way — looking at the thing in its true light, this custom of appointing one day in the year to be specially thankful for the good gifts of God is an absurdity, tending, I think, to keep up the notion that it is not very material whether we are particularly thankful or not, during the remainder of the year. The appointment, too, of a thanksgiving by a civil officer, is strictly a union of Church and State. I am growing more and more hostile to outward forms and ceremonies and observances, as a religious duty, and trust I am more and more appreciating the nature and enjoying the privileges of that liberty wherewith the obedient soul is made free. How can a people fast or be thankful at the bidding or request of any man or body of men?"

Gerrit Smith has at last waived all his scruples, and joined our ranks. No doubt you have seen his letter in the Emancipator. You perceive he boggles a little at some of us and our measures, but never mind — he will soon be as rampant as any of us. We must remember that he has been our antagonist, and that he constituted one of the main pillars of the Colonization Society. Whether he has wholly swung clear of that Society does not appear; indeed, he does not allude to it. But as he declared in his speech at Petersboro', that he could go with us even in our most odious sentiments, and as he has ever connected himself with a Society which aims to destroy his long cherished schere, he must be strangely inconsistent if he can still support the Colonization Society. He certainly deserves much credit for the christian manliness and magnanimity which he manifests in joing our ranks at this perilous crisis. So much for the mob at Utica!

I wish you would procure, and send by the first convenient opportunity, a steel-busk, as flexible as possible, for Helen. You may also send me a shirt collar of as good pattern as you can find at the stores, to serve as a model in the alteration of my present collars. Charge the same, and I will settle accounts when we meet, or sooner.

As yet, I feel very happily situated here, and have no desire to return to Boston. What I most need are method and diligence with my pen.

Mr. Sears talks of taking a load of pork to your market on Monday or Tuesday, should the weather prove favorable.

We are all well, and desire to be affectionately remembered to your wife, sister Mary, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony, Mr. and Mrs. Chace, &c.

Yours, in the bonds of brotherly love,

W. L. Garrison.

George Wm. Benson,

Providence,

R. I.

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